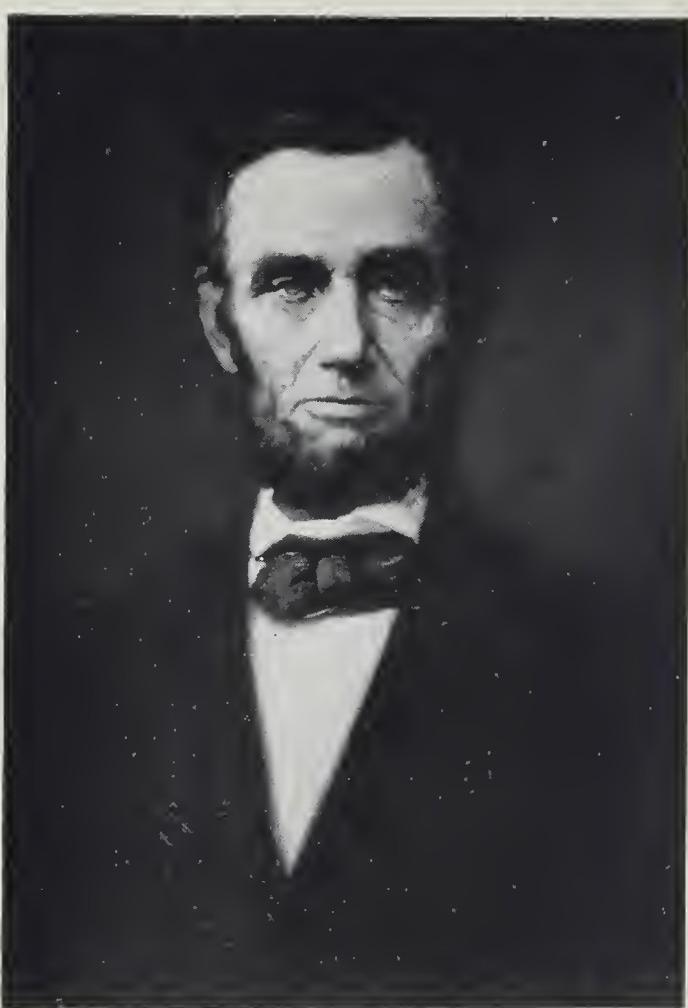




AN EPIC TRILOGY



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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Emancipator

From the painting by J. Redding Kelly

AN EPIC TRILOGY

VOLUME II

The Emancipator

*The Story of
Abraham Lincoln*

By
LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN

Fifth (Trilogy) Edition

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In remembrance of
MYRA IRWIN ALLEN

1855-1900

My Faithful Helpmeet and Patriot Companion
For Nineteen Years

SMALL worth in Heaven where thou dost live
Has praise of earth : yet unto thee
My soul would phrase the memory
Of every grace which thou didst give,—

The comrade love, the patriot fire,
The daily sweet solicitude
Attending every poet mood,
Ascending with each high desire.

Full well thou know'st the regnant part
Thou hadst when first these numbers came;
Henceforth shall issue in thy name
This tribute of a grateful heart.

Where quiring saints and seraphs meet,
Reach down from out the crownèd throng ;
And, as of yore, be thine the song
I lay at Love's unvisioned feet.

235749

NOTE

To this poem was awarded the prize of one thousand dollars offered by the *New York Herald* in 1895 for the best poem on American history. It was published in the Christmas issues of the *New York Herald*, the *Boston Herald*, and the *St. Louis Republic* of that year. This fifth edition is a revision and enlargement and has been especially reprinted as a part of An Epic Trilogy.

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THE EMANCIPATOR
THE STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

INVOCATION.

INVOCATION.

Of one great Ship that sailed the sea
And weathered the infuriate blast ;
Of one great Pilot that stood fast
And brought her into lee,

I sing ; and singing seek to use
Thy founts of grace, as they of yore
Sought and found service in thy store,
O immemorial Muse !

The Grecian Poet, quaffing thence
 Castalian cheer, song's classic lord,
 Awoke the mythic centuried chord
 Of life's diviner sense.

The Florentine, with screenèd eyes,
 Caught rich and Beatrician gleam
 Of Eunoë's redemptive stream,
 And beams of Paradise.

The Seer of Horton, finding meet
 Thy rills beyond the hills of time,
 Set primal sorrow into rime,
 And sin to music sweet.

The Laureate of the Holy Grail,
Deep-drinking, placed before thy face
The Idyll-Epic of the race,
The quest's supreme avail.

The Cambridge Singer o'er the walls
Of custom clomb, and roaming found,
On far Itasca storied ground,
The Laughing Water Falls;

The twilight of primeval pines,
The leafy homes of plumèd quires,
Mondamin's green and golden spires,
And Hiawatha's shrines.

O ancient Muse forever young !
Guard of the poets' mystic spring !
Touch heart and tongue that I may sing
Somewhat as they have sung.—

One simple strain of that great song,
Which ardent bards, through future years,
O'er ever-brightening hemispheres,
Shall rapturously prolong ;

Sweet burthen since the world began,
Desire of every century,
Imperious Love's sublime decree,—
The brotherhood of man.

HISTORIC PRELUDES.

THE HEART OF FREEDOM.

THE fragrant meadows of Runnymede
Grow greener with every succeeding year ;
The Ironside hoofs of the Puritan's steed
Still crowd on the Cavalier.

The laurel blooms upon Burial Hill ;
The broken tablets are slabs of gold ;
And Plymouth Rock in the winter's chill
With summer is aureoled.

The thunders of Concord and Lexington
Roll on in music that will not die ;
And one brave venture for Freedom done
Immortally crowns July.

White stars of dawn in a sky of blue,
And bars of glory o'er land and sea,
Shall float the emblem all ages through
Of Union and Liberty.

So stands our hope with its blessings spread,
A magna charta inviolate ;
The deathless soul of the patriot dead ;
The heart of the living State.

SHIPS OF FATE.

TWO paths apart on the misty main ;
Two eager prows toward the beaconing West ;
O'er crests of courage, through troughs of pain,
Of life and of death possessed.

Above the one from seraphic wings
Blew friendly winds 'gainst the crowded sails ;
And fingers used to celestial strings
Held back on the rushing gales.

Below the other a rising sweep
Of forms foam-raimented ; raven hands
Forced fiercely through the resentful deep
Swift woe unto western lands.

Fair *Mayflower*, breasting the wintry sea !
Thou wert the promise of wakening spring ;
Embosoming Freedom's destiny
And Liberty's issuing.

Dark Slaver, touching Virginia's shore !
With captives laden from mast to keel ;
Thou wert the sign of the deepening sore
Of wrong that could only heal

In smoke of battle and streams of blood,
In orphan cries unto winds and waves,
In tears of precipitate widowhood
Bedewing a million graves.

A DREAM OF EMPIRE.

A FRUITFUL land 'neath Southern skies,
With verdant fields and blossomed meads ;
And o'er the seas increasing rise
The cries of Europe's greatening needs.

Wide-stretching belts of meltless snows
Through swarms of swarthy forms displayed ;
And purple wealth to golden grows
Along the thoroughfares of trade.

A dream of empire such as ne'er
Glowed on the vision of the race;
A bounteous breadth of tropic sphere,
A luminous ocean-rounded space,

From Hatteras to Panama,
And summer shores of Mazatlan,
To copper hills of Arriba
Beyond the bays of Yucatan;

And on o'er Amazonian plain,
Past Pampean sea and jewelled bourn,
Through Incan trails and tracks of Spain,
One empire to the Southern Horn.

235749

An empire with its gilded throne
By flesh and blood enslavèd wrought ;
An empire with its pillared zone
Of states, whose founders nobly fought

For right and faith, but failed to trace,
The while their life-blood stained the sod,
Within the negro's ebon face
The image of Almighty God.

And later scions, holding fast
Their legacies of sophistry,
Preferred the world's discordant past,
Forsook the footsteps of the free,

To tread apart revulsive ways,
Back from the ascending trend of things,
Back toward the nations' yesterdays,
Hand unto hand again with kings.

THE FALL OF THE DARK.

THE dream waits e'er its clear accomplishment
As night-time waits the day and day's new
power;
Likewise this ancient vision's full event
Must tarry upon Fate's imperious hour.

The dream and night were one; the sleepless
eyes,
The laborous hands, in places high and low,
Wrought lustily. What lips may speak the rise
Of vast preparations, of the underglow

Of thought forth-brought as by a miracle
To coffered gold, to swords and bayonets,
To mustering hosts and the enlarging spell
Of hatred rising into thunderous threats?

Wide-spreading Northern wonder, working grief,
Grew to engulfing terror. Augurings
Vulturian filled the air. Calm-browed Belief
Vanished before Distrust whose venom stings

All souls impierced, the while all thoughts grew
dark
And darkness fell upon the world. The land
Felt horror's pall, as if its covenant ark
Were falling into close Philistine hand.

The crush of sorrow and the hush of fear
Sank in the ominous pause of dumb despite.
Then out of darkness and of horror sheer
One sudden vast alarum filled the night.

THE CHAMPION OF LIBERTY.

THE STAR OF SANGAMON.

A NATION called through the gloom
In one long wail of despair,
One multitudinous prayer,
'Neath portent of hastening doom ;
And myriad strainèd eyes
Were lifted to lowering skies.

But on a sudden the night
Was shaken : a marvellous light
Burst forth, an effulgent spark
Against the o'erwhelming dark.

It waxed, it whitened, it shone
Aflame in the widening zone
Of dawn ; and a world intent
Read, scanning the firmament,
God's covenant blazed thereon,
America's horoscope,
The sign of a Nation's hope,
The Star of Sangamon.

Not out of the East but the West
A Star and a Savior rose ;
A light to an eager quest,
A spirit of grace possessed,
Of faith 'mid increasing woes,
Of wisdom manifest.

And, forth from the variant past
Of thraldom's darkness, at last
God's measureless love for man
Wrought through heredity's dower
The great American,
Whose soul was the perfect flower
Of patriot planting in soil
Kept moist by blood and tears,
And fertile by faithful toil
Throughout unnumbered years.

Nor accident nor chance,
But heavenly ordinance
Set his nativity
In ripened fulness of time,

For sake of a race to be
The pledge of a golden prime.

In lowliest spot he breathed
His first sweet breath of the earth ;
And life's great Parent bequeathed
Fair virginal Nature from birth
To be his tutor and friend,
His youthful steps to attend.

She led o'er the wooded hills
And flowering prairied vales,
Along by the summer's rills,
Against the winter's gales,
Through sweeps of primeval ills,
Across the Red Men's trails.

She taught him the songs of birds,
The sympathy-syllabled words
Of water and earth and air,
And pointed the winding stair
That leads to Heaven, where climb
The higher forces of time.

She bound him, that he might feel
The weight of Oppression's heel ;
She starved him, that he might learn
The hunger of souls that yearn ;
She bruised him, that he might know
Somewhat of the world's great woe.

She helmed him with faith ; she placed
The girdle of strength at his waist ;

And over his breast she laid
The buckler of right ; the blade
Of truth she set in his hand,
And bade him unwavering stand,
As Moses stood with his rod,
For Freedom and God.

At length in a deathless hour
She kissed him ; a quickening power
Shot forth through her lips of fire
In touch of divine desire.

One long sweet look of review ;
Then suddenly from her she threw
Her manifold mantle of mystery ;
And, facing the great Before,

On unto the famèd door
That opens out into history,
In radiant rapture she led
Her hero all panoplied,
And thrust him from her to be,
On mission immortal bent,
Transfigurer of despair,
The champion of Liberty,
The hope of a continent,
God's answer to prayer.

THE PEOPLE'S KING.

NOT oft such marvel the years reveal,
Such beauteous thing,
A People's King,
The chosen liege of a chosen weal,
And Liberty's offering.

Not oft such product the fair world hath,
A People's Own,
On mightiest throne,
Whose strong foundations are Right and Faith,
And Virtue the corner-stone.

Not by earth's bounty was he prepared ;

Not princely store,

Nor golden lore

Was nurture on which his nature fared

For strength in the trust he bore :

But inner largess of revenue,

Past time and space,

The fruits of grace,

That mellowed upon the tree which grew

God's food for a famished race,

In history's mirror he truly saw

The ages' strife,

With passion rife,
'Neath covenant promise a changeless law
Writ clear in its serial life.

He learned from the centuries' battle-fields
What heroes are,
How maim and scar
Are gloried trophies to him who yields
Himself to the shocks of war ;

That patriot sires have taught their sons,
Since days of eld,
How Truth is held,
And Justice fashions a nation's guns
Never to be repelled.

Thus was it a purpose for valiant deeds,

Like whitening flame,

Through all his frame

Swept burning until his Country's needs

His one great thought became.

Thus was it he took in his sovereign hand,

With face to fate,

The orb of state,

To serve his Country and God, and stand

To them all consecrate.

THE GREAT EXPECTANCE.

HE mounted to the People's mystic throne,
And counted, as he clomb, each step sublime;
He marked where its foundations, stone on
stone,
Sank deep into the crimsoned soil of time.
His tread became a kneeling as he rose
Transfigured by historic overflows.

His was the great remembrance of the years,
The panoramic vision of the cost
Of Right victorious through blood and tears,
One day of triumph after thousands lost.
He felt the solemn glory of th' ascent,—
The passing of a centuried sacrament.

So rose he, setting full his thoughts unfurled,
Toward high and regnant duty. At his heart
He felt th' expectant chargings of the world
For wisdom greater than the statesman's art,
And likewise power, beyond the gift of place,
For saving of a nation and a race.

So sat he on his high and sacred seat,—
He who knew God and God's perplexing
ways,—
Believing God and patient with the feet
Of the swift-shod but loitering, with the
praise
And blame commingled, waiting the clear word
Which God's true seers at last have ever heard.

So reigned he as amid the seraphim,—
Albeit the powers of darkness were let loose;
So saw he, where all other eyes were dim,
The fiery pillar set for Freedom's use;
And when the fulness of the time was come
He ushered in Right's first millennium.

THE NATION'S AWAKENING.

FORT SUMTER.

O'ER sea-girt fortress set toward Charleston's
orient sun
Columbia's banner waved, and 'neath it, in
array,
A noble band stood waiting for the break of
day,
And Southland's primal gun.

Soon from Palmetto shores and isles historic
burst
War's first unfilial thunder, and a signal shell

Rose screaming seaward over guardian
citadel,
Predestined and accurst.

An omened silence; then from bastioned shoals
of ire,
Raged, blazing under wide and reddened fir-
mament,
One hurricane of havoc into swift descent
Of fierce columbiad fire.

Guns answered guns, till thrice from morn to
eventide
The worn defenders strove behind embat-
tered bars,

And, faithful to their Country's hallowed
Stripes and Stars,
Rebellion's host defied.

At length, within shot-swept and ravaged ram-
parts, broke
Mad conflagration, driven 'neath furious can-
nonade,
As if the traitorous Earth had molten wrath
displayed
Hurled through volcanian smoke.

Before resistless storm the standard fell, but
leapt
Aloft mid clouds enfuming, and in proud
disdain

Streamed from its splintered staff above the
wreck and pain
And vows of soldiers kept.

Thrust forth by flame and fate, all honored
in retreat,
They unsurrendering went, their banner
holding fast
To float thereon again, redeemed, and be at
last
Their leader's winding-sheet.

The die was cast; Secession's deed flashed to
renown;
The golden South had drunk of her self-
poisoned cup;

And swift a loyal People's slumberous blood
rose up
When Sumter's flag went down.

And one, a Nation's Prophet, with sad eyes
afar
Beholding, steadfast gazed beyond near space
and time
Upon th' advancing tide, and saw it sweep
sublime
The purple paths of war.

COLUMBIA'S WRATH.

THE guns that fired on Sumter's walls
Awoke a Nation ; far and near
Were cries of anguish, bursts of fear
And burning judgment calls.

Beloved Columbia, wounded sore,
A moment staggered ; then her form
Rose towering, while a gathering storm
Her darkening features wore.

Her flag that waved o'er Southern sea
Had fallen while she slept ; but now
The cloud upon her bended brow
Was certain augury

Of hastening vengeance, and the fire,
That flashed from all her kindled tips
Of being, was apocalypse
Of purpose swift and dire ;

Of purpose dire until the Right
In dust and blood should conquer Wrong ;
Till mists should lift and morning's song
Sound through the passing night ;

Till victor hosts should rise and plant
That flag on Sumter's height again ;
And wipe away for aye her stain,
And sign her covenant,

Blood-writ across a million graves,
That, in her undivided land,
There nevermore should rest a band
Upon a race of slaves.

RETRIBUTION.

TRUTH is not truth and error. Truth alone
She ever is, and what is done for Truth
Forever lives, the while the world is grown
To betterness, and all the fire of youth
Flames in the centuried frame and march of
things,
Lasts in the ages' vast recoverings.

Vengeance God takes, and God has vengeance
time,
Wherein the deed returns on him who sins
'Gainst Truth's white stars of right. Such
fashions rime
In the great order of the world, and wins
The refluent tides of history back from shame,
Giving to Justice her eternal claim.

God is no tyrant; immemorial laws

He armors Nature with, set rank on rank
Amid the suns, whose gloried presence draws
Admiring eyes, makes music, fills the blank
'Twixt God and man with Love's high instru-
ments

That work high Love's continuous descents.

Who violates God's laws arch-foe becomes

To all that makes himself God's miniature,
To all that heralds Love's millenniums,

That holds the pillars of creation sure.
He is his own destroyer who destroys
What God has fashioned and what God em-
ploys.

Fulness of time, fulness of circumstance,
High indignation, sense of righteousness,
Remembrance of shed blood and all th' advance
Of Freedom got through battle-storm and
stress,
The cries of captives God created free,
Assault upon a nation's destiny !

The deed's return ! Bright swords of cherubim
Whirled everywhither through the thunder-
ous night.

The white battalions flamed along the rim
Of the recoiling earth. Th' eternal light
Of retribution, glimmering from afar,
Became the Right's inviolate avatar.

THE PEOPLE'S UPRISING.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

BESIDE Columbia stood one
Begot of Holy Liberty ;
Exalted by her grace to be
Her favored regnant son.

That sacred trust his heart and brain
In swift and sweet devotion drew ;
And well his loyal nature knew
The measure of her pain.

And all his being rose with hers ;
Till, facing her untongued distress,
Remembering the faithfulness
Of past deliverers,

He took from out his sacred girth
The golden trumpet which he bore ;
Blew such a blast as ne'er before
Was heard in all the earth ;

A blast that sounded war's alarms,
From north to south, from east to west ;
Columbia's supreme behest,
The Nation's call to arms.

THE PEOPLE'S RESPONSE.

IT rang o'er the startled land,
One sovereign blast of command.
It rolled from sea unto sea,
The summons of Liberty.
It broke 'gainst the scintillant hills,
Resounding in multiple thrills
Of wakening thunder. It swept
Through valleys and over streams,
The militant havoc of dreams
Of troubled millions that slept.
It stirred all hearts as it went,
Arousing a continent.

The People's answer came ; . .
A splendor burst on the night ;
The crests of the hills were flame ;
The valleys were lines of light ;
The winds were voices of trust ;
A soul was incarnate in dust ;
The frame of the struggling earth
Drew nigh to a second birth.

The People leapt to their feet,
Their strength like a giant's brawn,
Their zeal like a furnace heat,
Their hope like the widening dawn.

And up to the throne of Him
Who reigns 'twixt the cherubim,

'Mid supplicatory throes
A vow inviolate rose ;
That, be it through torturing pain,
Their banner should rise again ;
That ne'er should the Federal Stars
Give place to the Southern Bars ;
That, under God's judgment sky,
Rebellion at last should lie
In overthrow complete
Beneath Columbia's feet.

And thus a People quivering stood,
And offered their blood.

The crags replied to the echoing crags,
And flags waved answer to flags.

O'er wharf and harbor, o'er vale and hill,
And loyal domicile,
O'er school and languishing academe
A banner floated supreme.
O'er bustling mart and thoroughfare
One standard streamed to the air.
From argent turrets and glittering spires
The pennons of sainted sires
Were signs of a storied Faith that wore
Her lustrous robes as of yore.
The steam-shod chargers of turbulent trade,
Thundering through meadow and glade,
Were freighted for Freedom, and southward flew
Ablaze with the Red, White and Blue.
And vows were written again and again,
Till earth was a manuscript

Illuminated by patriot pen

In triplicate glory dipt.

The plow was left in the fallow field

For sake of a larger yield.

The iron lay cold in the smouldering flame

Because of a higher claim.

The rattling shuttle, the whirring loom

Were hushed at the cannon's boom.

And over the land the market's hum

Gave place to the fife and drum.

The workers, trained for the shop and mill,

Aspired to a warrior's skill.

The poet deserted his golden song

To join the armèd throng.

The sculptor forsook his half-carved stone
At sound of the bugle blown.
Each town and hamlet became a spring
Of chivalric issuing,
A living current of sacrifice
Full-set toward a great emprise.
The plowshares sprang into glistening swords,
And pruning-hooks into spears ;
Love's accents broke into farewell words,
And laughter was changed to tears.
Across the threshold the mother gave
Her son for a soldier's grave ;
And freely yielded the weeping wife
The heart of her heart for strife.
Despair strode in through the gates of home,
And Hope fled forth to roam.

All hearts were one, and the Nation's soul
Moved on toward its sacred goal.
Beneath the sky's cerulean hue
The hills and the vales were blue.
The sun flashed down, in its dazzling wheel,
On billows of bristling steel.

THE GATHERING OF THE LEGIONS.

MAJESTIC swept from coast to coast
Columbia's azure-liveried host.
From Pilgrim havens, from Pine-Tree shades,
And over the walls of the Palisades ;
From Eldorado's aureate sand,
Past geyser vales of the Wonderland ;
From linkèd lakes, from the castled mounds
Of Gathering Waters, from forest bounds ;
O'er purple canyons and ferny glens,
Ravined plateaus and miasmal fens,
Meridian rivers and prairies wide,
And granite domes of the Great Divide ;
From Empire Portal, from Golden Gate,

To Country and Liberty consecrate,
With "Union forever" their rallying cry,
To stand for the Colors, or under them die,
By one unfaltering faith controlled,
The patriot legions onward rolled ;
On, on, at the clarion call of him
Who stood with face to a spectre grim,
And saw, o'er the crests of the surging tide,
The crimson Furies of Fratricide ;
On, on, toward the hallowed citadel,
Where Freedom's chosen guardians dwell ;
On, on, the myriads swept along,
With rhythmic tread and with ringing song,
With heralding bugle and fife and drum :
" We come, Father Abraham, we come,
Six hundred thousand strong."

OUR VOLUNTEERS.

O SACRED miracle wrought of truth !
 Of truth and time,
 And love sublime !
And through the bloom of perpetual youth,
 The wonder of every clime !

O summer of sorrow that gloams afar !
 Across the years
 Of mists and tears !
How beauteous now the memories are
 That halo your Volunteers !

O Freemen who rose when their Country called !

Such patriots those,

Where else disclose

Or lands or seasons, by Heaven forestalled,

Against impetuous foes ?

Immortal Legions that gathered then !

When skies were black,

And Freedom's track

Lay close by chasms which none could ken,

And under the tempest's wrack !

O Heroes that never shall be forgot !

Though life be done,

And rest be won,

And earth be given for blessed spot
That needs no light of the sun !

Columbia's power supreme shall last,
Through endless years,
Beyond all fears,
The future risen above the past,
Upheld by her Volunteers.

HUMILIATION.

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

THE price of liberty is patriot blood.

Thus is it written with the dripping sword

Across the pages of the ages past.

Where'er uplifted stands the crownèd Good,

Beneath her bleeding feet lies Evil's horde,

Defiant and contending to the last.

So was it that the azure sky of noon

Should darken, and calm Nature terrified

Should tremble in the fierce and thun-
derous jar ;

So was it that the flowered fields of June

Should redden, and æolian summer-tide

Grow strident with the agony of war.

BULL RUN.

LONG lines of steel in the morning,
Wide winding columns of blue ;
 The Sabbath's hush,
 The dawn's sweet flush,
Brave hearts all failure scorning
 And fresh as the glistening dew.

High noon o'er the trampled meadows
And Bull Run's crimsoned stream ;
 Hot shot and shell
 And swaths of Hell ;
Bold forms in the flaming shadows
 Aface to a fiery dream.

Dust-clouds in the evening rising,
New hope to a turning foe;
Tumultuous flight,
Blood, rapine and night ;
The Nation's heart agonizing,
A clamor of fear and woe.

THE ENDS OF PURPOSE.

THE blood of patriots is freedom's price.

The faith that holds th' ascendings of the
world

And links the heavens and earth in closer
bond

Grows layer on layer by mortal sacrifice;

Thus has it deep foundations, while unfurled
Its banners to the winds of hope respond.

God counts not time by years, but by the ends
Of purpose, by each holy cross of shame
Set in the great enlargings of the race.

Defeat is God's arch-servant and attends,
Valet to Victory, the unseen frame
That moves beside each circumstantial
grace.

So was it days of gloom were manifold ;
So was it mists of terror lifted slow ;
And Freedom feared, not seeing God's
right-hand ;
Yet somehow hands were felt and potence old
That oft had shook the world, while one vast
woe
Was working for th' enriching of the land.

FREDERICKSBURG.

UP terraced heights steel-swarded,
' Neath Death's artilleried wings,
With bugle notes
' Gainst cannon throats,
Forced heroes charged, bombarded,
In mad adventurings.

They rated blood as water,
And all the slope shone red:
Past valor's call,
By bristling wall,
Defeat linked arms with Slaughter
Astride the blue-robed dead.

Mixed Night and Doom descended
And crushed th' ensanguined Day.
The Stars in dust,
Despair, distrust,
With God th' Uncomprehended
And Faith too shocked to pray.

FURTHER DARKNESS.

SWIFT southward swept the story of success ;
And Southern spirits flushed invincible ;
 Rebellion rose before the world a thing
Kissed into life of Heaven ; and Eagerness,
 Repanoplied with fortune's gloried spell,
 Stood smiling on sure triumph reckoning.

Swift northward swept the story of defeat,
And Northern spirits paled for lengthened
 loss,—
 Refining of the furnace, chastening sent
Of Freedom's God, the threshing of the wheat ;
 And faltering not a nation bore its cross,
 And forward unto further darkness went.

THE NIGHT OF SORROW.

THE skies withdrew their guidings; star by
star

Fled from the circuit of engulfing cloud;

The moon eclipsèd glowed

Unbeauteous beyond its lurid bar;

And forth, inexpiate and crimson-browed,

Carnage emblazoned strode.

The midnight deepened, and war's widening
way

Shook 'neath his clangorous tread all uncon-
trolled.

The winds were bruiting breath
Of Consternation laden with red spray ;
And happenings were spectres that foretold
Impending doom and death.

And Pain was myriad-throated ; and Despair
Waxed flagrant with unloosed and vagrant
tongue ;
Terror's envenomed pack
Tore at the bosom of scarce-struggling Prayer ;
Distrust o'er pallid Faith her mantle flung,
Along war's ghastly track.

EMANCIPATION.

THE VIGIL.

AND one beside Columbia's prostrate form
Watched, in lone vigil, from his regent height,
The Nation's hopes decline ;
And set intrepid breast against the storm,
Facing the fury of inflamed despite,
Waiting celestial sign ;

While through the fiery rifts his worn eyes
strained
Past wastes of graves, where hosts, once glis-
tening,
Now silent prisoners lay ;

And saw with priceless blood the green earth
stained,
And war's low-flying vultures, wing to wing,
Disaster and Dismay.

Seven-times refined by fire, his mediate soul
Heard the unburthening and ascending woes
Of serried sacrifice,
The anguished sighings of his People, roll
Up to the throne of God; and felt the
throes
Of supplication rise;

And caught the wailings from expanses higher
Of multitudes that 'neath the altar cried,
“ How long, O Lord, how long ?

How long ere Justice shall her rod acquire ?
How long ere Vengeance forth in might shall
 ride
Against Earth's hoary wrong ? ”

And, far uplifted on the slopes of grace,
His soul, in prayer impassioned, touched
 with God
Through puissant lengths of faith ;
When, lo, before him flashed from farther
 space,
Cloud-clothed, with rainbowed brow and feet
 fire-shod,
Above the tempest's path,

His troubled Country's guardian Hierarch,
Imperious by Earth's supreme demand
And Heaven's august decree;
In flaming splendor vanquishing the dark,
Pointing to duty, with directing hand,
And ways of victory.

THE NATION'S PROPHET.

THE hour was come, and with it rose the man
Ordained of God and fashioned for the hour;
The savior of a race;
For whom wrought ever, since the world began,
The subtle energies of thought and power
In lineal lines of grace.

A gentle spirit, ever wise and good,
That loved the holy, idolized the pure ;
A heart of iron, strong
With instincts set to human brotherhood,
With sovereignty of impulse to secure
The overthrow of wrong.

Incarnate Conscience ; Right's embodiment ;
Benignant Nature's generous bequest
In mind and feature writ ;
Life's lore and legends into wisdom blent ;
Past verities to present truth compressed ;
The People's composite.

A master-mind was his that gazing saw
The refluent tide of battle, felt the fires
That swept all withering ;
A master-mind, set to a higher law,
That heard, above the Earth's despairing,
quires
Of heavenly promise sing.

Unruffled like the mighty undersea,
Calm like the star above the shifting cloud,
Abiding truth and time,
Full-mantled with a prophet's majesty
He stood, the Nation's larger soul, endowed
With faith and hope sublime.

THE VOICE OF DESTINY.

THE hour was come, and in that hour he stood
Responsive to the sacred voice that spake
From Heaven and earth and sea.
He heard the dusky toiling multitude
Plaintively pleading that his hand should
break
Their bonds and set them free.

He heard the voice of God from shining height,
Who, for the reason of the Nation's sin,
Had held her armies back

In failure and defeat, till she should right
The wrongs herself had sanctioned, and
should win
Justice unto her track ;

When, girded with the strength of righteousness,
God for her, with descending seraphim,
Above the battle's tide,
She then would march to triumph, and possess
A land united to the farthest rim,
Through sorrow purified.

THE STROKE OF JUSTICE.

THE hour was come, the Nation's crucial hour;
A crisis of the world, a turn of time;
The ages' hope and dream.

And one undaunted soul, sinewed with power,
Freedom's anointed, rose to height sublime,
Imperial and supreme;

And, lifting high o'er groaning multitude
His sovereign sceptre, smote with such a
stroke
The chains of centuries,

That earth was shaken to its farthest rood ;
That millioned manacles asunder broke,
And myriad properties

Became, in one immortal moment,—men ;
Free with the free in all the rounded earth ;
Redeemed by martyr blood ;
To stand with faces to the light again,
Attaining, through their resurrection birth,
To human brotherhood.

VICTORY.

DAWN AND HOPE.

HAIL Dawn ! whose purpled raiment sweeps
before,

Round radiant feet, the chariot of Light,
Forerunner of the Day !

Dawn ! whose most mystical and quickening
lore

Starts Nature's silenced voices of the Night
To full-tuned roundelay.

Hail Dawn ! whose form, with dewdrops all
bestrewn,

Drives back the dark before the lark's ad-
vance ;

Descends th' expectant hills ;

Runs o'er the vales that 'neath her shining
shoon

With rapture tremble till the grass-spears
dance
Along the sparkling rills.

Hail Dawn! whose sister, Hope, trails close
beside
Across the spaces dim of Pain and Fear,
Sweet, passionate, and pale,
With eyes of purest light and undenied
On earth the glory of her natal sphere
Where Love and Peace prevail.

Hail Dawn and Hope! whose subtle presences
Together chant the march of Victory's
Descendings from the blue;
Whose wildering workings of far grace possess
Heaven's near unfoldings in earth's summer
breeze
O'er every avenue.

GETTYSBURG.

REDEMPTION marched unknowing
Where lay the field of strife ;
But Heaven and Hell's
Embattling spells
Were lords of Fate, bestrowing
The earth with dead for life.

Courage and Carnage mated
To hue the ends of time ;
In balance hung
A nation swung,
While all creation waited
Round battle gore and grime.

They fought for all the ages,—
Blue saviors of the world ;
Made Stars and Stripes
Right's archetypes ;
Took Duty's dreams for wages,
And Freedom's flag unfurled.

THE LIFTING SHADOWS.

THE shadows slowly lifted from the sun ;
The benediction splendors downward rolled,
 Fore-flush of day to be ;
The Nation's Prophet stood, his mission done,
 Upon the covenant mountains, aureoled
 With immortality.

The shadows slowly lifted, and the Land
Grew glad, e'en though the blood of heroes
 veined
Her sacramental face;
For Right at last had risen to command,
 And Justice had in her Republic gained
 Her high and holy place.

And though th' unsilenced drumbeat filled the
air,
And armies marched, guns thundered, earth
waxed red,
And tears rolled up high mist
'Twixt lurid Hope and Consummation fair,—
Yet he who heard the upper battle-tread
And saw wings white and whist

Blow out the nether squadrons, unbeheld
But dire and darkled, back, abysmward,
Wild wind to wildered flame,
Wot mystically where black ruin swelled,
Engulfing floods, on earth uncalendared
But in the heavens a fame,—

Perceived a psychic lordship steal athwart
Sidereal wastes from Nature's central deeps,
 Making his soul its zone,—
A prescience of th' unsighted heights apart,
And the unwearying watch Love ever keeps
 O'er Right's unvarying own.

THE GREAT TRANSLATION.

THE APOTHEOSIS.

To one superior peak, before untrod,
Alone he clomb, the summons heard by
naught
Save his interior soul ;
The Nebo of his life, the mount of God
All luminous ; and marvelling he caught
Swift vision of the goal

Of his unwavering faith, the Promised Land
Toward which his feet had led his People on
O'er wastes of blood and fire ;
And gazing saw the breadths of grace expand
Apocalyptic in the halcyon dawn
Of centuried desire.

He saw across the passing hurricane
His Country's armies march to victory ;
And, lifted to the light,
The Stars and Stripes in glory wave again,
Invincible, the standard of the free,
The sacred sign of right.

He saw the battle-clouds disperse for aye ;
The camp-fires of the Nation smouldering ;
A million veterans tread
The smiling paths along the homeward way;
Expectant gates of welcome open swing,
And feasts of gladness spread.

The vision widened, and the distant view
Grew clearer till the fugitive forecast
Of far horizons shone;
And earth became a throngèd avenue
With multitudes processional that passed
Before his prophet throne.

He saw the golden South refashioned rise,
Transcending all her dreams imperial,
To greatening power and fame;
A deeper azure in her bending skies,
Increasing wealth of nature quickening all
Her strong and beauteous frame.

He saw the argent North anew inspired,
Beneath her holy chrism, to truer love
For her rich heritage,—
The revenue of sacrifice acquired
In service, which, from hallowed founts above,
Shall flow through every age.

He saw the wounds of war in Union healed ;
No North, no South ; from sea to mountain
tip
One land, one flag for aye ;
And kindred blood, mixed on the battle-field,
Cementing, in perpetual fellowship,
The Nation's Blue and Gray.

He saw the marble columns 'gainst the sky ;
The flowered garlands o'er the palls of green ;
The gathered worshippers
Conning the story that 't is sweet to die
For Country, and to win the prize serene
A grateful world confers.

The splendor spread to its meridian prime,
And earth lay fruited 'neath the noon's
caress ;
He saw from zone to zone
The feet of Love upon the crests of Time,
The hand of Peace dispensing blessedness
From Freedom's central throne.

He saw the upward march of centuries ;
He heard the gloried sweeps of gratitude
Above the glad earth rise,
Antiphonal with strains of heavenly bliss,
The diapasons of beatitude,
Hymnings of Paradise.

Listening, he heard the sweet adagios
Of quiring angels, and the morning song
Of the redeemed and free ;—
And was not, for God took him ; and he rose,
Caught to the bosom of that martyr throng
Who died for Liberty.

THE VOICE OF MARTYRDOM.

IN the great world there are no accidents ;
Enthroned above the ages' ebb and flow,
Unseen, misunderstood,
God rules, who in all seasons and events,
Through fiery evil and o'erwhelming woe,
Forever works the good.

And God hath wrought the good ; forevermore
The million-mouthèd cries of martyrdom
Are one immortal voice
That sounds triumphant o'er the mighty roar
Of instant days and centuries to come,
And bids the world rejoice ;—

Rejoice that Freedom's gifts the earth adorn,
And every path is open thoroughfare
Won on the fields of strife;
That man may mount to highways of the
morn,
With Faith the light, and Hope the fragrant
air,
And Charity the life.

THE NATION'S WOE.

'T IS proverbed that the individual soul
Gets finest furtherance through furnace fire,
And Godlike grows ere it foreshows God's goal:
Likewise a nation, ere it can acquire

The leadership of nations, speed God's part
In high achieving, ends of grace forestall,
Must wildered reason yoke with broken heart,
Feeling for God and finding Him its all.

The Nation's sorrow ! Thou wert sent to bless;
Thine was predestined holy motherhood ;
Of thee has come th' immortal tenderness
That beats unceasing in a people's blood.

For when one name beloved of all strong names
Our Country honors is out-breathed there
springs
A mystic feeling, pure as altar flames,
Remembrance of vicarious sufferings ;

Heart softens unto heart ; an occult tie
Binds soul to soul ; a prescient atmosphere,
More gentle than the dawn, falls sacredly
Of light unseen, of music none may hear.

And one vast holy pride leaps from the dust,
Grasps Stars and Stripes and leads the on-
ward way
Of God's anointed Nation, through whose trust
Comes to its noon redemption's whitening
day.

THE PLEDGE OF HISTORY.

COLUMBIA, GREAT MOTHER.

COLUMBIA, great Mother ; through all lands

The memory of her storied prowess runs
And glorified expands.

Columbia enfreedomed ; thus she stands,
Behind the bulwark of her noble sons,
Robed in her starry bands.

Behold her risen from embattled plains,

More beautiful by all her holy scars
And sacred martial stains !
What grace and wisdom her proud form attains !

With sheathèd sword beneath her Stripes
and Stars

How tranquilly she reigns !

Her realm is of all realms the goodliest,
The fairest of the new Hesperides ;
A zone of fulness blest
With golden fruits unfound in ancient quest,
And gladdening wine all sweet unto the lees ;
The free and welcoming West.

She knows the bitter of Oppression's gall ;
She knows the taste of Freedom's nectared
cheer ;
And when the sorrowing call,
E'en though it be beyond her ocean wall,
Remembering her past, shall she not hear
And Liberty forestall ?

For high and holy ends God made her strong,

And set her on the sacred heights of trust,

The constant foe of wrong.

Her forces unto Righteousness belong,

That prostrate forms may rise from out the

dust,

And sighing change to song.

Never shall she forget, as years speed on,

That unto God her virgin troth was given ;

That 'neath His benison

The mighty triumphs of her past were won ;

And so for her the stars shall strive from

Heaven,

If righteous deeds be done.

Columbia enthronèd ; through all time
Swift answering to Freedom ; they who rose,
For sake of her sublime,
Are pledge that ever, as the race shall climb
Yet higher, she shall point to paths that
close
Upon the ages' prime.

OUR SOLDIERS.

O SOLDIERS, who stood for the Flag of our
Nation !

Columbia's children can never forget,
How you, through the grace of your sacred
oblation,
Her honor and glory invincible set.

Behold the proud Banner of Liberty streaming !
The Flag of our Union, the Red, White and
Blue !
Its Stripes all undimmed and its Stars ever
beaming,
Baptized in the blood of the brave and the
true.

You marched and were weary, you fought and
were wounded,

You fell in the battle, you sank in the storm ;
But out of your sacrifice Heaven has rounded
The hope of the ages to beauteous form.

Across the scarred fields of your struggles im-
mortal,

In reverent reviewing the hosts of the free
Shall trace the red paths which you trod to
Fame's portal,
And sacredly pledge, through the years that
will be,

To follow unswerving your feet of devotion,
Inspired by your holy and generous deeds ;

And, filled with a pure and a patriot emotion,
Be true in their Country's imperative needs.

Upon the firm granite the marvellous story
Of valor, with chisel of love, is engraved ;
The ages shall read, and exalt to new glory
The crimson-stained banner you gallantly
saved.

Around the green mounds where your forms
lie a-sleeping,
The People shall gather again and again ;
And, blessing your memories, place in your
keeping
The palms of thanksgiving, the laurels of
pain.

All quickened by Duty's ensanguined libation,
A Nation's new flower has bloomed from the
clay ;
The sweet asphodel of a fresh consecration,
Sprung out of the graves of the Blue and the
Gray.

Pass on, O our Soldiers, to heavenly capture !
We follow swift after beneath your renown ;
Pass on to the bivouac of rest and of rapture !
Behind you our freedom, before you your
crown.

THE LATER WARRIORS.

REPUBLIC, saved by blood !
Inviolate vows, sworn on thy hallowed altars,
Are borne from mouth to mouth ;
From good to greater good
Right's triumph forward strides, and never
falters,
Through welded North and South.

Th' unsilenced martyrs speak ;
Increasing spreads the Truth's commanding
valiance ;
While he who lists above
Hears, peak in fugue to peak,
Heaven's sacred chimes o'er earth's unceas-
ing salliance
Of heroes, lords of Love,—

The Love that hath large eyes,
Beholding the oncoming generations
And Nature's greatening frame
Through all democracies ;
Senses that feel the past's renunciations
And God's high will like flame.

The lords of Love and Faith,
Who hold God's torches 'gainst the dark,
forspending
As spent historic hosts,—
These are the strong, as saith
Hierarchic tongue, the Nation's bulwarks
bending
Back Evil's thrusts and boasts.

From age to age they come,—
The later warriors, with set plowshares beaten
From ancient swords, and turn
God's furrows,—without drum
Or bugle, but with holy visions heaten,
That quicken while they burn.

From every clime they march ;
And they who wait shall have the great be-
holding
Of wonder yet unseen,—
Love's nation-builded arch
Of freedom risen o'er seas and manifolding
On every power's demesne.

The sceptre shall not fall
Which freemen placed in Right's unflinching
fingers ;
The crown shall not grow dim
Within her judgment hall.
Her throne shall stand secure while memory
lingers
And chants Faith's battle-hymn :—

“ O Lord of all the earth !
We follow where Thou leadest, stoutly fight-
ing
Thy battles which are ours.
Thou gavest Freedom birth ;
We are her sons, the wrong devoutly right-
ing
And slaying Evil's powers.

“Thy cause, O God ! shall win ;
There cannot fail Thy promise, our en-
deavor,
Set with Thy sovran seal.
Keep us the foes of sin ;
Make duty clear, assurance strong, and ever
Give us faith’s martyr zeal.

“So may Thy kingdom be,
Enlightening the nations with Thy glory,
Consuming with Thy grace.
We hail man’s destiny,
Wrought on earth’s battle-fields in crimsoned
story,
Which all the heavens embrace.”

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

THE mists on the mountain peaks
Melt fleet in the glad new morn ;
The hope of the world is born ;
The Sphinx of the ages speaks.

The wrinkled forehead of Time
Responds to his laughing soul ;
The runner has reached the goal ;
And all things fall into rhyme.

The winds are poets, and sing
September back into June ;
The radiant asters swoon,
All purpling toward the Spring.

The bitter is changed to sweet ;
The bruises of battle heal ;
And Peace stands again at the wheel,
And turns it with glowing feet.

O God-given Occident !
O Land of Promise ! whose sphere
Is Nature's enlarged career
And Spirit's divine ascent ;

Reserved for the fulness of days
Through haze of the desert past;
A Canaan revealed at last
Of fruited and flowered ways.

From sea to the granite hills,
From crests of snow to the sea,
Rush, flashing with energy,
Innumerable crystal rills.

The mountains impatient stand
For mystic call of desire;
The vales inviting conspire
For magic touch of command;

Expectant of labor's keys,
Strong-wrought at the forge of hope,
Their subterranean doors to ope,
Disclosing earth's treasures,—

Great inner chambers of gold,
And vaults of potential heat,
Primeval power's retreat,
The store of the ages old ;

The store of the ages new,
And force for the higher trend,
Where Nature and Spirit blend
In rise toward the blazoned blue.

Behold th' enriching dower
Since Freedom and Toil were wed !
Brawn's harvests that turn to bread ;
Mind's visions that change to power ;

Far belts of perspective steel ;
Processions of strenuous steam ;
The passing thrones of a dream
God gives to His commonweal ;

Sky-piercing of art from the dust,
Sprung whither the high winds sing ;
The Occident's sheltering
Of manhood's commutual trust ;

Wide-open portals to thought ;
Unhindered highways to prayer ;
And spirit the regnant heir
Of guerdons the flesh has wrought.

Fair Land from sea unto sea,
Redeemed from its centuried stain ;
Made new through heroic pain ;
Awaiting the great To-be.

Fulfilment of Liberty's dream
And Love's acceptable year ;
The will of the Lord made clear ;
The voice of the People supreme.

All barriers broken down ;
The eagles of faith a-wing ;
Democracy for king,
With justice its sacred crown.

God's kingdom in miniature ;
The governance of the good ;
The glory of brotherhood ;
The rights of man to endure.

The home of the world's oppressed ;
The answer of Trust to Care ;
The welcome of Hope to Despair ;
The earth's great hearthstone of rest.

One Union never to fall ;
One Freedom never to cease ;
One ineffaceable Peace ;
One Flag afloat over all.

